



¹⁴/₁ The Triumphs of Peace:
BEING
A Congratulatory ADDRESS to His MAJESTY
King WILLIAM III.

Upon His Magnificent Entry into the City of LONDON.

Great Sir!

16. Nov. 1697.

HOW Just is ALBION's *Triumph*, when we see
AUGUSTUS happy Reign reviv'd in THEE!
YOUR Arms have spread as far the *English* Name,
As e're OCTAVIUS did the *Roman* Fame.

Your *Fates* are equal: He Subdu'd the *East*:
Your Conduct Reconciles the Jarring *West*.
Contending PRINCES Humbly sought his Love:
Consenting NATIONS do Your Skill approve;
And Kiss the *Hand*, from whence they do receive
The only *Blessing*, that the *Gods* could give.

Others have strove to Signalize their Name
With hopes of *Conquest*, and *Immortal Fame*.
Your SWORD was drawn with no desire of BLOOD:
But wholly guided by the PUBLICK GOOD:
They're Both United here: This GENERAL PEACE
Exalts your *Worth*, and do's our *Love* encrease.

May Heaven with never ceasing *Triumphs* Bless
Your *Civil* Conduct, with the like Success:
A long, uninterrupted *Reign* afford,
To recompence the *Labours* of your SWORD:
Whilst WILLIAM's shining Name shall stand enroll'd
To future Age, in Lines of lasting GOLD.

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